BDJRN_NL
BX
801
.M3
v.3
(1914)

The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine

VOL. III. WATERVILLE, MAINE, DECEMBER, 1914 No. 6

Published monthly, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portland, and the Maine Catholic Historical Society

Subscription Price . . . . . $1.00 Per Year

Entered as second-class matter July 16, 1913, at the post office at Waterville, Maine under the act of March 3, 1879.

CONTENTS.

DIOCESAN

Official Notices
Diocesan Chronology, November, 1914
American Episcopate to the Church in Mexico
Letter of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons

DEVOTIONAL

Christmas Day
Our Lady in Advent
Christmas Eve in the "Old Mission"
Some Christmas Thoughts
A Little Child
His Christmas Gift

EDUCATIONAL

Soldier-Priests and the French Army
Notes on the Statistics of our Parochial Schools

HISTORICAL

Orono the Catholic Indian Chief
A Maine Mission Play

The Bishop's House,
Portland, Dec. 8, 1914.

Rev. dear Father:

Annual Report.

You are respectfully urged to make out the Annual Report very carefully, to follow the printed headings, and to make letters and figures clearly.

The diagrams for Church property are to be filled in this year only for land acquired or buildings put up since the last report. Arrears in collections, Clergy Fund, Seminary tuition or Diocesan loans are to be paid in on or before December 31. All the questions on the various pages are to be answered carefully.

The Census Card is the only authorized Diocesan Census, and the figures are to be taken from the Baptismal Register or the Parish Census Book, and ought to be as nearly accurate as possible.

The totals in all columns in the financial and other data, and also on the Census Card, are to be made up by the Rector. The Report on pages five and six, which should be an exact copy of the official Parish Account Book, is to be read to the people at all the Masses on one Sunday in January, and this fact is to be attested by two laymen of good standing in the Parish.

Where there are several distinct Missions in one Parish, a separate blank, or at least a separate section, should be used for each Church, and all money received from or expended on Mission Churches, whether permanent or simply Summer Missions, is to be given in the Report.

Permanent Funds.

When a fund is left by legacy or otherwise to a Church, School, Cemetery or other distinct purpose, justice demands that the revenue only of the Fund should be used—hence the Fund itself should be placed among the assets of the Parish,

and the revenue among the annual receipts. The laws of the Church so require, unless special written permission to do otherwise has been obtained from the Bishop of the Diocese.

You are respectfully requested to state in this Report what, if any, such funds have been received and how at present these are invested.

Cemetery Account.

The Cemetery Account of receipts and expenditures is to be given entirely apart in its own column on pages five and six, and is not to be included in the totals of the Parish Report.

Solemn Prayers of Thanksgiving and Adoration.

To carry out the spirit of the Church and also to foster devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament, so much desired by the Holy Father, a Holy Hour of Adoration will take place in all the Parish Churches of the Diocese on the last day of this year, Thursday, December 31. In the cities the exercises will be from 7.30 to 8.30 P. M., in the country districts at some convenient hour in the afternoon. The Blessed Sacrament will be solemnly exposed, some prayers of thanksgiving, expiation and petition will be read or an instruction will be given. During the last quarter of the hour the Te Deum will be chanted "as far as possible in Latin," and the exercises will close with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. One of the objects of this Holy Hour will be an act of expiation for the insults offered to the Holy See and to Church during the year.

The Holy Name Sunday.

On Sunday, January 3, the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, the Reverend Pastors are instructed to have a reunion of the men of their Parish in the Church, during the afternoon or evening. A special sermon on this great Festival is to be preached and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is to be given. Where there are two or more Parishes in one city, a short parade of the men, without any insignia excepting badges of the Holy Name Society, is strongly urged.

The important part of this Festival is to bring out the Catholic ideals of manhood in the private life, in the home, in societies, and in all civic and all public official duties, to show the danger of secret non-catholic societies, and to warn the faithful against societies that do not obey the law and spirit of the Church.

In connection with this important question of societies, it is well to recall that Rectors and all Priests in and of this Diocese are strictly forbidden to act as Chaplain or to take any part in the organization or meetings of any society, which has not the

written approval of the Ordinary of the Diocese in its general Constitution or local rules and laws, and furthermore that chaplains are not to be elected by societies but are to be appointed by Diocesan authority.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception is the Patronal Feast of the Church in the United States, and of the Diocese of Portland. It is our desire to have all the Catholic women of the Diocese meet in their respective Churches on this Festival to honor the Blessed Mother and to strengthen the true ideals of Catholic womanhood. Receptions into Confraternities and First Holy Communion for children would be most appropriate on this festival.

By a special decree of the Holy See, July, 1911, whenever a feast of precept, for instance the feast of the Circumcision falls on Friday or any other day which is a day of fasting or abstinence by general law, all the faithful are exempt from fasting and abstinence, and the same exemption is extended to Patronal Feasts, on the condition however that Patronal Feast is solemnly celebrated on the day itself.

Faculties.

All the Priests of the Diocese who have subscribed to the new Oath are hereby granted all Faculties hitherto possessed. The privilege of Binatio, which is personal and must be based upon good Canonical reasons "ex necessitate vel magna utilitate," is hereby granted until January 1, 1916.

All Priests working in the Diocese but not Canonically aggregated thereto, will write a personal letter to the Rt. Rev. Bishop and the Faculties will be granted only by an official reply to their application, and for one year.

Dispensations.

Applications for Dispensations are to be made out on blank forms of the Chancery Office and must be signed by the Rector. All applications for Dispensations are to be made as far as possible three weeks, and at the very least one week, before they are to be used and are not to be requested by telegraph or telephone.

The promises in case of Mixtae Religionis and Disparitatis Cultus are also to be signed on Chancery Forms. The safeguards, required by the Church in these cases, are now frequently of no value, hence dispensation possibly invalid, because sufficient effort has not been made to deter the Catholic party, or to instruct the non-Catholic in the meaning of the promises.

Wherefore on and after January 1, 1913, no dispensation will be granted, unless the non-Catholic party has come in person and taken from the priest "bona fide" instruction on the essential truths of the Catholic faith and the exact meaning of the promises. The future and dignity of the Catholic home demand every possible care, and "conscientia confessariorum et Rectorum in hac re onerata est."

The idea of the Catholic marriage, home and family is too often forgotten, and the modern rage for amusement, athletics, club and society life, with the long train of social evils from drink, gambling, commercialism and fake charity or philanthrophy is making appalling inroads on the home and family Christian ideal, which is the only solid base of true civilization.

During the Lenten Season the Rev. Rectors are directed and urgently exhorted to give or have given instruction on the Christian Marriage, home and family.

Marriage with or at a Mass it the only Catholic ideal, and the Rev. Rectors are earnestly urged to secure this practice "quam primum."

All marriage cases touching the question "of the validity of the marriage tie" must be made out in a clear, brief form of statement, and all the documents concerning the Baptism of either party, previous marriage, civil divorce, death or other necessary facts must be signed by the proper person under oath in the presence of a Justice or Notary and with his seal, in order to have any Canonical value.

Growth of the Church.

To maintain, strengthen and expand the Church is the sacred duty of all priests, and the Apostolic mission is ever the same: "Preach the Gospel to every creature." The multitude of non-Christians and those who are not affiliated to any Church must bring sad thoughts and ought to stir our zeal.

The Italians, Poles, Slaves, Lithuanians are scattered in all parts and often change residence to secure work. The Rev. Pastors are well aware of the danger to their faith by isolation, by contact and perhaps marriage with unbaptized and non-Catholic people, and are urged to give or to obtain for them all the blessings of instruction, Holy Mass and the Sacraments.

Where it is possible, a priest, who speaks their language, should be invited two or three times a year to visit them for this purpose, and thus keep them faithful to their religion and Church.

In many of the small towns and villages of Maine there are groups of two, six or ten Catholic families, far from any Catholic Church and such groups should have a personal visit from the Pastor at regular intervals, some systematic catechetical

instruction, and Holy Mass occasionally on week days, if it is not feasible on Sunday.

The little Chapel, with its silent yet imposing Cross, ought to be the constant aim of Pastor and people.

Confirmation.

The Sacrament of Confirmation is not to be given before the age of eleven completed, nor later than the age of thirteen, hence should be administered at least once every three years, in every Parish, and once a year in all the larger Parishes.

The Rectors of Churches where Confirmation is to be given during the year 1915 will please send in their application with the Report, stating their preference of the months of May, June, September and October.

Annual Conference of the Clergy.

The Conference of the Clergy of the Portland District and all south of Waterville will be held in Kavanagh School Hall, Portland, on Tuesday, May 18, 1915, at 2 P. M.; for the Priests of Waterville and north to Houlton, at St. Mary's School Hall, Bangor, on Thursday, May 20, at 2 P. M.; for the Madawaska District at St. Mary's College, Van Buren, on Wednesday, June 9, 1915, at 2 P. M. No Priest is exempt from the Conference without special written permission from the Ordinary.

Examination of Candidates for the Seminary.

This Examination will take place at the Catholic Institute, 100 Free Street, Portland, on Wednesday, July 7, 1915, at 9 A. M. All candidates must have made a regular College Course in the Classics, send in an application to the Right Reverend Bishop not later than June 30th, send or bring letters from their Rev. Pastors and College President and an exact statement of the time and study in school and college.

The examination will include Latin, Greek, English, French and the ordinary Mathematics of College.

The Reverend Pastors are again urgently requested to foster vocations in good young men born in the State and Diocese, and to have them make their College course where the curriculum prepares them to enter the Seminaries of the U. S.

All candidates hereafter are to present themselves at the close of their Rhetoric year, in order to begin Philosophy and their ecclesiastical training in a regular Seminary.

Examination of the Junior Clergy.

All priests ordained since the year 1908, who have not satisfactorily passed five annual examinations, will be called to the Canonical Examination on Wednesday, November 9, 1915, 9 A. M., at the Catholic Institute, 100 Free Street, Portland.

The subject matter will be:—

1. De Maria, Virgine, Matre, Regina. De Sanctorum canonization, intercession and prerogatives.
2. De Sacramentis in genere; de Confirmatione; de Ordine. De Statu Religioso.
3. De Matrimonio, (Dogma, Moral, Canon Law, Ritual).
4. D Conscientia et de Legibus.
5. Holy Scripture: the Psalms (history, liturgical use in the Jewish and the Catholic Church); interpretation of the following: 1, 6, 13, 36, 50, 71, 72, 73, 118, 128, 129, 132, 136, 137, 148, 149, 150.
6. Canon Law: Third Council of Baltimore; Diocesan Statutes.

The examination will be written and oral, and must be satisfactory to the Board.

With all Apostolic blessings to Priests and faithful people at the close of the year and the opening of the New Year.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,
Bishop of Portland.

DIOCESAN CHRONOLOGY FOR NOVEMBER

Sunday, 1—Feast of all Saints: The Catholic devotion (Communion of Saints) and for the "Holy Souls" namely the Church Triumphant and Church suffering not sufficiently understood or practiced by the Church Militant.

2—All Souls Day.
A fine property for Church purposes secured in Saco, on Main St. by Rev. T. P. Linehan, P. R.

4—A fine property for Church purposes secured in Springvale on Paine St. by Rev. Jos. Casavant.
Gift of $2000 for the new schoolhouse in Bar Harbor.

5—Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem in Cathedral for all the deceased Bishops and Priests of the Diocese and a Requiem Mass in all the other Churches of the Diocese for the same intention.
A fine property (Kinsman Estate on Western Ave.) for St. Mary's new Church at Augusta, secured by Rev. Thos. J. Nelligan.

6—Parish of Lisbon divided into two, Rev. John P. Nelligan appointed Rector of Lisbon Falls and Rev. H. H. Hamakers Rector of Lisbon.
Rev. Eugene Gauthier appointed Administrator of St. Joseph's Parish, Old Town.

Sunday, 8—Confirmation at St. Mary's Church, Bath.

10—Examination of Junior Clergy at the Catholic Institute, Portland.
Rt. Rev. Bishop started for visit to a few places in Aroostook County; passed night at Millinocket.

11—Visit to Eagle Lake—conference with the priests of Western Madawaska—official visit to N. Maine General Hospital and conference with Sisters in charge.

12—Visit to Houlton—new corporation of the "Madigan Memorial Hospital" formed and inspection of the work on the buildings.

13—Visit to the two Convents of the Sisters of Mercy—returned to Bangor in the evening.

14—Meeting of the St. Vincent's "Eastern Maine Orphans' Home Corporation"—acceptance of the new property on Hammond St. Visit to Old Town and Orono.

Sunday, 15—Visit to Winterport and Frankfort—Confirmation at latter place.

16—Inspection of the new property in Bangor for Diocesan Charity Institutions.—Visit to Waterville, meeting of the "Mt. Merici Corporation" at the Convent.—Return to Portland in the evening.

17—Rev. Henry Gory of Notre Dame Church in Waterville, appointed Rector of St. Louis' Church, Auburn and Rev. Denis Martin named Administrator protem at Notre Dame, Waterville.

19—Rev. Martin Clary appointed Rector of St. Dominic's Church, Portland, and at once took charge.

21—New property at South Paris for Church purposes secured by Rev. Jos. D. Quinn.

Sunday, 22—Announced the gift of $7000 from the estate of the late James Cunningham of Portland to be used for the St. Vincent of Paul Conference, St. Elizabeth's Orphan Asylum and Holy Innocents' Home.

24—Musical Entertainment by the pupils of St. Joseph's Academy at Deering.

25—Visit to Lisbon and Lisbon Falls.

26—Thanksgiving Day—Mass of Thanksgiving in the Cathedral for Peace and Prosperity of America.

Sunday, 29—A Redemptorist, Father O'Leary from Boston, opened the Novena and Mission for the Catholic women of Portland in preparation for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Collection for the Catholic University and for the Belgian sufferers taken up in all the Churches of the Diocese.

30—Rev. John A. Driscoll transferred from Greenville and Rev. J. A. Laverdiere named as his successor.

Sympathy for the Afflicted Church in Mexico

Touching letter from His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons to the Most Rev. Jose Mora, D. D., Archbishop of Mexico City.

THE CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,
408 North Charles Street,
Baltimore, Md.

"Your Grace—The deplorable conditions, which for some time have prevailed in Mexico and which apparently become more intolerable with each attempt to remedy them, are the source of the deepest concern to the Bishops of the United States. They realize the difficulty of the position in which Your Grace and the other members of your hierarchy are placed by such adverse circumstances, and they share your solicitude for the welfare of the Church and the true interests of your country. In their name as well as my own I beg you to accept the assurance of our profound sympathy and our earnest desire for the restoration of peace on a sound and lasting basis.

"With all intelligent and right-minded citizens of this country we can appreciate the efforts of a people to remove the evils, from which they suffer, and to secure the blessings of good government; but these aims can not be furthered by a strife of parties, in which the essential requisites of order and justice are disregarded. And while we would rejoice at the advance of your country in political and material prosperity, we cannot endure that in the name of freedom and progress the most sacred rights should be violated.

"The Catholic Church, under whose auspices Christianity and civilization came to your shores, not only claims the loyalty of your people in respect of things spiritual, but also provides in her teaching and discipline for the safety of your political organization. It is in the recognition of authority and in obedience to law, not in mere clamor for reform, that lies the real foundation of a nation's liberties and especially of republican institutions. They who antagonize the Church, whether of their own initiative or because of instigation from foreign sources, show but too plainly that their display of patriotism in simply a disguise for other purposes, and that they have at best only a crude idea of popular government.

"In the United States constitutional provisions safeguard both the stability of government and the liberties of the individual

not by hampering religion, but by allowing it the fullest freedom, or rather by protecting it in the enjoyment of that freedom, which it has by right. The American people, therefore, can not consistently favor any movement that would interfere with the liberty of the Church in Mexico any more than they could accede to the demand of another nation for the abolition of their own constitutional rights. They will not, I am sure, deliberately assent to the establishment on their borders of a system of misrule based on the worst of tyrannies—the tyranny of the State over soul and conscience.

"In these present trials, Your Grace, we discern the helplessness of human wisdom in dealing with problems that are of the gravest import for man's temporal and eternal welfare. We turn, then, the more readily to that Wisdom and Power, whence all right is derived. and we join our prayers with yours in beseeching Almighty God to bring about speedily a happier condition in your country, so that the people of Mexico, under the guidance of their pastors, may be strengthened by the Divine assistance alike in the defense of their rights and in the fulfillment of their duties.

"We look forward with confidence to the opening of a new era for Mexico, in which your citizens, by developing their country's resources, shall attain to greater prosperity, and by uniting their moral, religious and political agencies, shall enjoy the blessings of tranquility based on justice. And we sincerely trust that between your country and ours the bonds of friendly co-operation may ever be drawn closer for our mutual benefit and for the advantage of mankind.

"With sentiments of highest esteem, I beg to remain, most faithfully yours, in Christ.

"JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,
"Archbishop of Baltimore."

"Though Night be yours, and Day
Long fled afar;
Still lift your heart and look away
Beyond the gathering gloom—a ray
Of light is there. The Star! The Star!"

Our Lady in Advent

The beautiful feast of Christmas is preceded by the four weeks of advent as the vigil of preparation for the great event it celebrates.

In the spirit of Holy Mother Church we watch, pray and do penance. For four thousand years expectant mankind had watched, and prayed, and practiced penitential austeries in longing for the vision of the Messiah of the Nations. But one above all others watched and prayed—and not in vain.

From the moment of the archangel's message, Mary watched and prayed in humble yet ecstatic love. For the Holy One to be born of Her should be called the Son of God. Those nine long, happy months were her Advent, her preparation for the first holy Christmas. How could it have been otherwise? Was not the Child within her womb? her God and the Son of the Most High and did she not yearn to gaze upon His face with more than the longing of an earthly mother? We read of the intense desire of the Saints to behold the beatific vision. Every earthly joy seems dim and insignificant in comparison. St. Paul tells of being caught up into Heaven and having seen what human tongue could not report, forever after found life's joys flat and irksome.

Simeon and Anna in the temple were rewarded after a life time of prayer and watching, by gazing into the beautiful countenance of the wondrous Child.

But in order to understand the burning desire that welled in Mary's heart to look into the human face of God-made man, we should have to sound the depths of her love. She was the First Tabernacle of the Most Holy. For nine long months she lived in closest intimacy with the Sacred Word made flesh, more truly identified with Him than highest choirs of angelic beings that throng around the Eternal Throne since the dawn of their creation. How deep, how full, how passionately loving must have been that mother's watching, and her waiting for the revelation of the midnight hour in the silent cave of Bethlehem.

This must also be our spirit of Advent—in watching, fervent prayer and earnest penance. Prayer and watching supplement acts of mortification. Having fixed our thoughts on the coming of our Infant Saviour in imitation of Mary, our hearts will not fail to be lifted up in holy desire, petition and gratitude.

It is especially in this holy time we should withdraw from frivolous and distracting amusements and such pleasures as draw our hearts towards vain and earthly thoughts. Looking

forward with Mary we shall not fail to behold the vision of the face of her Child in our souls.

We shall hear in spirit the angels' song of gladness on the hillside of Judea and join the simple shepherds in their heartfelt adoration with Mary and Joseph at the Crib of Bethlehem, in which reposes Mary's Son, the King of the Angels and the Redeemer of Mankind. O. L. V.

Christmas Day

Christmas Day! And in the window,
Hangs the fragrant, Christmas wreath,
O'er the doors the crimson holly
With the mistletoe beneath.

By the fire I sit in comfort
With the embers burning low,
And in fancy, I am kneeling
By the Crib of long ago.

Oh, I see the loving wonder
Of the Mother meek and mild,
And I feel my soul transfigured
By the glory of Her Child.

Vanished are the wreath and holly,
Vanished ev'ry branch and stem,
Naught remains but God and Mary,
'Neath the Star of Bethlehem.

Cold the cavern, void of comfort,
Not a touch of earthly dross,
Faintly 'neath the Star's bright gleaming,
Looms the *Shadow* of a *Cross!*

BESSIE O'NEIL.

What a picture is Aubrey De Vere's of the Mater Christi adorning the Divine child:

"One *only* knew Him. She alone
Who nightly to His cradle crept,
And lying like the moon-beam prone,
Worshipped her Maker as He slept."

Christmas Eve in the "Old Mission"

It was Christmas eve in the old Mission Settlement, one that would naturally bespeak joy to the many home comers as well as to those permanently settled about the family hearth. All day teams had been wending their way to and fro to the neighboring cities in quest of some loved one returning for the completion of the family circle. With little or nothing to do about the farms, the boys and girls usually betook themselves to the nearby towns where the factories, the stores, and the homes of wealth gave them that opportunity of gaining that little additional livelihood no longer possible at home; but as the great Christian holy day was about to dawn, every one as far as possible sought to gladden the hearts of Father and Mother by some little tokens of affection as well as by their presence at the old homestead. Those Christmas eve gatherings were in truth gladsome occasions in the Old Mission. Apart from the treasured traditions of many a by-gone year which always brought joy to a frugal and Christian people, there was the opportunity of talking over the various events that had happened during the years or months of absence of some loved one as the case may have been. This particular Christmas eve was a specially joyous one. But a few days previous a light fall of snow had covered the green clad hills with its spotless robe of ermine white, for if there was any one thing the people of the Old Mission did not like, it was what was usually called a green Christmas, leaving as it did a lurking suspicion that abundant sickness and many deaths were sure to follow. Then this was at a time when there were gathered about the family board for the most part three generations. There were the forefathers of the Settlement, the ones who had left their parental home in distant Ireland, and had come here to begin anew.

Many years ago under the guidance of a young Irish Priest, the men from Clair, Galway, Kilkenney, Cork, and Kerry, attended by their faithful young coleen wives, had taken up their highland and their lowland farms, had broken the virgin glebe, had reared their modest homes soon to be gladdened by the prattle of the little ones. Tonight though bending under the weight of years the aged sires for the most part yet tarried in their old time haunts. And who shall tell of the joyous sentiments which filled their yet young hearts, as their sons and

daughters, from far and near, their children and their grandchildren gathered about the old open fireplace to discuss the happenings of the day and the traditions of the past. The mellow glow of the Yule Log as it rested on the faces of both youth and age, showed that the Christmas message to the Old Mission was the same as that of the long ago, one of peace to men of good will.

If the scene beneath the paternal roof was this night a happy one, it was doubly so in the common Mission home the Old Parish Church. At the junction of the ways, on rising rock ribbed ground, stood old St. Denis', bidding as it were defiance to passing years. Here the youthful settlers of many years ago, had brought the lowland clay and had reared the simple yet imposing brick walls which today after the lapse of nearly a century show little signs of decay.

This was the year the convent was built just across the way, and the parish gladdened by the presence of the good Sisters of Mercy, while the stone house a few steps to the rear of the church gave shelter to a stately gentleman of the old school. Tall and erect though well advanced in years, the lofty forehead, the kindly face slightly tinged with sterness, the courtly yet gentle manners bespoke the pastor of the flock, Father James, now for many a year, the ruler of the Old Mission destinies. A son of the "Old Sod" used to the customs and ways of his people, Father James moved among them, so they were wont to tell us "just the same as the priests did at home." His one great work was the erection of the Convent school and the bringing of the Sisters to town.

Things looked a little different about the Old Mission Church this Christmas Eve. In other years there was in truth the great Christmas symbol the crib and the infant. But the manger was old and the babe showed the ravages of passing years,—hence the fathers and mothers, the sons and daughters, were hardly prepared for the artistic stable and the waxen Christ child so deftly arranged by the skilful hand of the good Sisters. The day had been a busy one for Father James; it was just like many a Christmas Eve of the past; from far and near the roads had been thronged with pilgrims on their way to the parish church for their Christmas duty. For all the good pastor though severe in appearance, had a kindly word. To the aged, for those who had long borne the burdens of the day, on whom the weight of passing years was pressing heavily, whose tottering footsteps could hardly carry their bending frames up the isle to the little vestry, he spoke words of cheer, and bade them seek consolation, not in a world so soon to elude their feeble grasp, but among the Eternal hills where the peace and tranquility of God was in store for them. To their children who perhaps at times found father and mother a trifle

trying, hard to satisfy, he spoke of that love and respect due to age, of the mandate of Holy Scripture which bade them "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thou mayest be long-lived upon the land which the Lord thy God will give thee." He told them that the days of their parent were already numbered, and this perchance might be their last Christmas together. Thus the penitents came and departed, each bearing a word of cheer in addition to the favors of a day already green with God's choicest blessing. The evening shades had gathered about the altar and sanctuary so tastefully adorned, the last weary waiter had gone, and Father James laying his stole across his confessional took his place at his priedieu to say a few prayers and recall the beautiful memories of that first Christmas in the long ago.

And as he told the joyful mysteries of his rosary his thoughts went back over Bethlehem's frost bitten hills to the cheerless yet lovely scenes about the Grotto on the hillside. In spirit he saw the new born Savior, and heard the peace chant of the Angelic choirs. From these happy and blessed scenes he passed to his own dear Wicklow glens where he saw again the Christmas preparations of his faraway childhood days. Sad and lonely as it were amid the ruins of the past, the well known words of the poet came flitting as it were through his sorrowful and pensive mind. Making them his own, he exclaimed half aloud;

"My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
Vibrating 'twixt the now and then;
I see the low brown home again,
The old hall, wreathed with mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far off years
Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
The voices of the long ago
My eyes are wet with tender tears."

And from the charms and sorrows of his own dear native hills, he soon found himself dwelling amid cares and anxieties for the welfare of the Old Mission. His musings caused to pass in review before him the various families he had seen about the Church during the course of the afternoon and evening. There were the Kavenaughs, the Fields, the Kelleys, the Hanlys, the Kendals, the Doyles, the Ryans, the Keatings, the Furlongs, the Maloys, the Andersons, these and many others had this day sought the consolations of the Old Mission Church. None of them were strangers to Father James; he knew them well; for many years he had made their joys and sorrows his own. And as he looked over

their loved forms on this Christmas eve, trying scenes in their lives came back to him. He had noticed this very evening kneeling before the altar not a few whose ups and downs in the battle of life had caused him many an anxious moment. Some had even come from a distance to have a heart to heart talk with their old Pastor. There was Patrick S.... now home for the first time in many years. "Patrick," said Father James to himself, "was always a promising boy. His parents were poor, and there was little chance for him at home, so he went to the great city where he tells me that he 'has prospered.' The few moments which he spent with me this afternoon were most consoling for I always knew that his sterling honesty would in the end succeed." And then there was Agnes D. I was glad to see her, she seems so cheerful, so hopeful. I have long wished to see her in the cloister for I believe if our dear Lord has chosen one from this mission for his service, that one is none other than Agnes. And to think that she has told me in trust this very Christmas Eve, that she has given up her situation in X. and come home for a few weeks before entering the convent. She may perchance even yet be a teacher in our school over across the way, or perhaps Superior, who knows?"

"I enjoyed my short talk with Francis F. Poor Francis! his lot has not been an easy one. He has, however, managed to fit himself for college by attending night school and hopes to enter another year. As an altar boy, I felt that he would one day serve the Lord in the Sanctuary.

"But the one who specially consoled me this morning was Nellie F. I remember her well as a child, for she was unusually lovable. But like many another poor girl, she had to leave home young to face the temptations of a cruel world. Her little education left her opportunities rather limited, and she drifted about from place to place following for the most part hotel life, until she married a few years ago. She came to me for her marriage, and while her husband was not a Catholic, I learned to know him very well and found him upright and honorable always ready to encourage his wife in the practice of her religious duties, not that she ever neglected them to any extent, but it makes a great difference when we are helped by a kindly and encouraging word. Her husband, however, lived only about a year after their marriage and she was again left without a protector. She came in to see me for a few moments after mass. In her plain simple black clothes, the beauty of her childhood seemed to have remained only to be softened in to that easy and quiet expression of early chastened womanhood. I have often advised her to try a certain line of work for which I believe her admirably fitted. "Father," said she, "I have come home to spend a few days

with poor mother, help her along as well as possible, and then make an effort to follow your advice; you have always tried to encourage me, and I want you to believe that I look upon you as my best friend."

Amid the evening shades now growing deeper, Father James kissed his time worn rosary, and passed out from the church. and slowly walked over across the way for a closer view of his new school. From the rising ground he could look towards the different parts f his widely scattered country parish where he felt that his good people were already anxiously awaiting the usual mass at dawn, and as he again retraced his steps and passed to the moss covered stone house at the rear of the Old Mission Church, with the memories of the many hopeful confidences with which he had been favored this Christmas eve, he might have been heard to entone in the fullness of his heart that Angelic anthem of the long ago, "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of good will."

THE WORK OF LOVE.

Great mystery, then, is love;
Poets its worthiness have sung in lays
Unread by ruder ones like me; and yet
Thus much the simplest and the rudest know,
Dear is the fawn to her that gave it birth,
And to the sceptred monarch, dear the child
That mounts his knee. Nor here the marvel ends;
For, like yon star, the Paternal Heart
Through all the unmeted, unimagined years,
While yet Creation uncreated hung,
A thought, a dawn streak on the verge extreme
Of lovely Godhead's inner Universe
Panted and pants with splendor of its love.
The Eternal Sire rejoicing in the Son
And Both in Him who still from Both proceeds.
Bond of their love. Moreover, know, that Son
Who, Virgin-born, raised from the ruinous gulf
Our word, and made it footstool to God's throne,
The same is Love, and died for Love, and reigns.
Loveless, His Church were but a coarse stone, cold;—
Loveless, her creed were but a winter leaf
Network of barren thoughts, the cerement wan
Of Faith extinct.

SELECTED.

Some Christmas Thoughts

How swiftly time bears us onward! Again we enter upon the holy and wonderful season when, though the trees stand out on the landscapes like tall gray sentinels, stripped of their verdure and rustling pride, and the earth is clad in ermine garb, yet we rejoice with the coming of the Christmas spirit. The romantic mistletoe hangs high in the old familiar place, and the wreaths of fresh holly grace the frost-covered window panes. On all sides we are greeted by glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes and joyful salutations; for indeed, this is the season of peace and good will.

There is, perhaps, no country in the world where Christmas is so comprehensively celebrated as here. Nearly everyone is happy. The merchant is merry as he gathers in the rich harvest of the busy season, the laborer as he looks forward to a day of rest, and the student, who sets aside the intellectual burdens of the classroom, and turns to the joys of home life, Christian and pagan, alike are impressed with this buoyant spirit. But the difference is this, the mere materialistic conception of the day renders the infidel happy, while to the Christian it is over and above all else, the rebirth in his heart of the Prince of Peace.

But there is another spirit which hovers about the Christmas season. It is the spirit of self-sacrifice. Nor is it strange that altruism should manifest itself at this particular time of the year; for what does the festival of Christmas teach us, if not the lesson of sacrifice?

The story of the Shepherds and the Magi characterizes the wholesomeness of benevolence. Many may lose sight of this spirit for the greater part of the year, yet inevitably it assumes a new birth in their hearts at each succeeding Yuletide. Fraternal helpfulness still reigns; charity and philanthropy are today, as they have ever been, vital factors for good in the world. At this season, especially, can they turn darkness into light; they brush aside the gathering gloom and lo! a star—the star of joy and peace.

"The beauty that endures on the spiritual height,
When we shall stand transfigured, like Christ on Hermon hill,
And moving each to music, soul in soul, and light in light,
Shall flash thro' one another in a moment as we will."

A Little Child

The spirit of Christmas was abroad, and even Scrapsey Nolan, just up out of the mine, his face plentifully frescoed with coal dust, was not immune to it. The Yuletide joy had penetrated down into the bowels of the earth, where the sun itself shineth neither on the just or the unjust, and had found entrance into Scrapsey's heart, diffusing its warmth and kindliness therein, and drove him with haste up to the outer air. And in this year of the Lord, 1913, on Christmas Eve, his week's work done, and pay day come, Scrapsey started off for the town to surrender himself up to the festive spirit.

But alas! there were other spirits, fluid and fiery, that gave warmth to Scrapsey's heart, and he was about to enter another saloon to imbibe more joy-water, when he almost stumbled over a little girl of some three or four years toddling along and apparently lost, wailing like a strayed lamb.

"Look out, kid, or I'll step on yer," growled Scrapsey, and with this he would have passed along without giving further attention to the child, but as he veered to the left to enter a saloon the little girl took the same direction; there was a collision, and Scrapsey sat down suddenly on the sidewalk.

In justice to Mr. Nolan it should be stated that the fluid tangle-foot was not altogether the cause of his downfall. A slight snow had been falling, and the sidewalk was slippery. Moreover it was his anxiety to avoid hurting the child that threw him off his balance. But be that as it may, fall he did, and found himself sitting on the snow covered sidewalk, with a little girl bundled up in a coat several sizes too large for her, fallen into his lap, her weeping now reinforced by the unusual turn of events.

Scrapsey's first thought in his strange plight was for the welfare of the baby, whom he now clasped in his arms, while he chuckled in as soothing tone as he could command: "Did I hurt yer lil baby? Aw no, yer aint hurted. Yer aright, aright, Doncher cry, lil girlie," and he proceeded to kiss her chubby little hands and cheeks, which he thought quite the becoming thing to do. It only succeeded in making her cry the more, while it imparted some of the color from Scrapsey's features to her own.

"Aw, doncher cry lil baby, doncher cry, an I'll buy yer some cannie an things. Doncher cry now. Yer know Sandy Claws doan like cry-babies, and he woan bring yer anything fer Chrismis; an yer aint hurted a—tall, a—tall." But cry she did, and in piercing tones.

Now Scrapsey could see that the child had not been injured; and that it was not altogether fear of him that made her weep, for she made no effort to get away from him; but in her wailing she was striving, but unsuccessfuly, to give utterance to some wish or want.

"Watcher cryin for? Watcher want? Jus tell me wat it is an I'll buy it for yer. I'll buy der whole woild fer yer, if yer want it. Watcher want now? Tell me watcher want."

"I wants ugh-ugh ter-ter fi-fi-fine der-der inf-inf-inf-n-n" the last of her words lost in an explosion of grief.

"Wat is it yer wants ter fine?" asked Scrapsey, leaping like a hound to the trail, half revealed, half concealed in the smothered articulation.

"I wants ugh-ugh ter fi-fi-fine der in-in-inf-," the trail again lost in the flood of sobbing.

"Wat is it yer wants ter fine? Is it yer mamma?"

"No-o-o"

"Is it yer dada?"

"No-o-o"

"Is it yer brudder or yer sister?"

Scrapsey kept right on the trail. "Did yer lose some money?"

"No-o-o-o" This time to the anguish and despair seemed to be added resentment.

With playfully pretended anger Scrapsey growled, "Well wat is it yer wants ter fine? If you'l tell me wat it is I'll fine it fer yer. But ye'l have ter show me, see?"

"I wants ugh ter fi-fine der inf-inf-inf-n" again the articulation lost in the high power explosion.

"Now look er here, kid, dis aint no bon concert. Just try ter slow down a bit, an tell me wat yer wants. An doan holler so loud or ye'll wake up der perliceman."

The only answer was another strained but unsuccessful attempt to articulation, ending in one loud, long, lingering wail.

By this time the soprano note of the bay, added to the spectacle of scrapsey sitting on the sidewalk with his new found companion, attracted divers members of the community, young and old, male and female: the young males being in the majority. All were interested and curious to know what had happened; some were amused at the show, the boys particularly considering it a performance for their special entertainment.

"Say, git onter Sandy Claws wit der doll," shouted one youngster, and the remark brought forth a roar of jeers and laughter.

Scrapsey had been trying hard to ignore the presence of the gathering throng, but the taunt and the jeers and laughter were too much for him, and suspending his attentions to his lady love for the moment he shouted at his aggressor, "Say, yer think yer fresh doncher?"

To which another replied: "Not as fresh as der snow yer sittin on."

Stung by this shaft and the jeers that followed, Scrapsey, somewhat wrathy, shouted: "Yer fresh'n a flounder, ye' are."

Back came the answer: "You're the only flounder wats flounderin' round here."

Thereat Scrapsey made a motion to get to his feet in pursuit of his tormenters, and the crowd, young and old, yelling broke for safety.

The wild hasty flight of the crowd, coupled with his consciousness of his own impotence, made the good natured miner now roar with laughter. And the crowd, with a sense of his harmlessness, closed in on him again.

The child heeded not the by-play, nor did she cease her continuous, dolorous, boisterous wail, wherein kept recurring like a sad refrain her attempt to make known her wants. Scrapsey returned to his charge again cooing; "Lil baby, doncher cry. Ye'll be an angel by an' by." Scrapsey thought this was very bewitching. But baby was not of the same opinion; she refused to be comforted, and cried the louder.

The boys returned to their game of chaffing the giant, one another shouting: "Hey, mister yer baby's cryin."
after another shouting: "Hey, mister yer baby's cryin."

"Ladies an gen'l'men, step right dis way an hear de woild famous colored jubilee singers."

"Mister, why don't yer get her a milk bottle?"

"Naw, yer better get her a muzzle."

"Cheese it, mister, der cop's a comin."

These and many other benevolent suggestions were offered gratuitously to the embarrassed Scrapsey, but he heeded them not. The wailing waif had now his undivided attention, and it was the biggest one man's job that he had ever tackled. He kept right at his maudlin refrain "Lil baby doncher cry, Ye'll be an angel by an by, Das a nice lil girlie. Stop yer cryin, lovey."

One of the gamins as if making an important discovery shouted: "Say, I know who he is. He's one of der wisemen frum der East."

"Aw, gwan," answered another. "De wisemen wusn't niggers, wuz dey?"

"Of course dey wuz," the first one retorted. "One of dem wuz black frum Eatin opia."

"Aw youse guys is all wrong," broke in a third. "Dems der gold dust twins, come ter clean up dis spotty town."

"Say, I'll clean out dis whole blame town, if yer doan quit yer guyin'," shouted Scrapsey, unable to stand their guying any longer.

"Well, why don't yer do it?" growled one midget, more bold than the others, stepping forward in pugilistic fashion, and sticking his fist into Scrapsey's face.

The ludicrousness of the challenge was not lost on the giant, and he answered it by thrusting forward his head, opening wide his gargantuan mouth, and snapping his jaws as if to devour the urchin in one bite. The boy as if in imminent danger of such a fate, jumped back in terror. In doing so he toppled over a lad who was standing behind him, who in turn knocked over another; and so in ten pin fashion a number went sprawling on the earth, some terrified women and girls among them giving vent to agonizing and despairing screams as if their doom had come. To add to their terrors, above the din of the stampede the belowing of the giant followed them;—but it was only the cyclonic laughter of the man-eater.

In spite of his predicament Scrapsey found amusement in the discomforture of the fleeing crowd, and almost enjoyed the flattery which their terror paid to his formidableness.

Relieved to find that they had not been eaten up, and their bravery strengthened by danger encountered, they closed in on the giant again, still seated on the sidewalk, swaying from side to side, roaring with laughter.

But there was one whose occupation was uninterrupted and unchanged. On and on wailed the baby, and Scrapsey was compelled to give his attention to her once again. "Doncher cry, my lil baby. Jus tell me watcher lost. An' if its money I'll give it ter yer. An' if its something else I'll buy it fer yer. Only jus tell me wat it is. I aint no mine reader, yer know. Das er good girlie, tell me watcher lost."

In dolorous, despairing tones, but this time more distinct, she cried;" I wants ter fi-fine der inf-inf-infan Jesu."

Either because he was a better interpreter of such language, or because he was treasuring a like desire in his own heart, one of the boys cried out: "Say, I know wat she's lookin fer. She wants ter fine der Chrismis Crib, wid der Infan Jesus layed in der manger, up in der church;" which interpretation the baby showed was correct by an exploded "Yah," wherein this time there was all joy and no grief.

"Oho, so dats wat yer wants is it?" said Scrapsey delighted. "Well, why didn't yer say so before? We'll fine dat aright, aright, Betcher life we fine dat aright," and the crowd dispersed as he scrambled to his feet, got his bearings, lifted his liege lady up onto his shoulder and started for the church.

The boy who solved the riddle for him volunteered the further information that he would not be able to find the Crib in the church, as it would not be opened until Christmas morning; but Scrapsey heeded him not, going his way, cooing to his mate: "Das a lovey girlie. We fine dat Crib aright. Betcher life, aright, aright."

Cooing and billing he went reeling along, giving the stoutest assurance to the child that there was nothing in the world he

would not do for her; that she could have the whole world if she wanted it; that she would see the Crib, and she could have the Crib, too, if she wanted it. The baby was soothed by these assurances, and ceased her crying, except that she gave an occasional whimper now and then, either on principle or from force of habit.

It was many a long day since Scrapsey had wended his way to the little church, for he considered church-going inconsistent with his regular occupation of drinking, and it was with a God-be-merciful-to-me-a-sinner that he entered the portal now.

The lights were low. Scattered through the church were a few worshippers, absorbed in their own devotions. Without noticing them, Scrapsey went bodly ahead in quest of the Crib. He made his way toward a small chapel in the rear of the main altar, where he knew the Crib was wont to be in the Christmas season in the days of long ago. Expectant and encouraged by the progress already made, the child hardly murmured at all. With the baby on his shoulder he shuffled along as quietly as he could, and arrived at the spot where he expected to find the Crib. But no Crib appeared to view. It was there however, only covered by a long curtain hanging from the ceiling, which to Scrapsey's none too clear vision in the semi-darkness seemed nothing but a blank wall.

Thinking that possibly the location of the Crib had been changed in the many years since he had visited the church, he started to encircle the interior thereof, when the child, apprehensive, again began to cry. This in turn started Scrapsey's lullaby;" Lil baby doncher cry. Das a nice il girlie," and the combined but inharmonious duet was strangely out of keeping with the silent, sacred place.

They had made the circuit of the church several times—how many times he could not tell—but all in vain. At last he was forced to appeal to a man kneeling in one of the pews: "Askin' yer pardon, mister, me an der baby wants ter fine der Chrismis Crib. Kin yer tell us where its located?"

The man quietly informed him that it could not be seen until Christmas morning; sternly adding that it was a shame and a scandal to come to such a place in such a state. And he tacked on a bit of advice that he would at least be sober when he came there again.

Scrapsey did not mind the rebuke, but he was overwhelmed with grief at his vain quest for the Crib. For the consolation of the baby all the time crying lustily he started: "Oh, kiddie, kiddie aint dat a shame? Dey aint goin to be no Crib till termorrer mornin."

At this information the baby's soprano note soared crescendo fortissimo, and reached c above high c, and held it without break or cadence. This was too much even for Scrapsey, and

he started to make a hasty exit, but not before Father Mack came hurrying from the sacristy, telling him that he had better take himself and his child to a music hall rather than a church; which observation Scrapsey did not stop to dispute in his inglorious retreat.

The child sensing failure was now altogether disconsolate, and showed this by her free, full, piercing wail, keeping accompaniment with her wriggling, kicking little feet.

Outside the church Scrapsey had a problem on his hands—a yelling, tearing, kicking human problem. What would he do with the baby? for he found that she would not or could not tell him her name, or where she lived; and to his repeated "Wutz yer name? Where yer live?" came only the sob-choked articulation of her great desire. Promises, bribes, threats were of no avail. There was only one desire in the heart of the little child tonight.

With real impatience, but pretended anger, Scrapsey playfully growled: "Now look er here kid, why doan yer be sensible? Yer cant see dat Crib till termorrer mornin, see? so wats der use er cryin?" But the yells only grew louder and longer, especially as the child realized that they were departing from the church.

Now the growing seriousness of the problem had somewhat of a sobering effect on Scrapsey. Lar! soothing babies, and singing them lullabies and waltzing them round town was a diversion he was little accustomed to. What if some of the gang should see him? Oh lar! He began to feel sick and faint. But feeling faint didn't relieve him of the baby. He wouldn't abandon the child, and now in his less maudlin condition he was sensitive not only about some of the gang seeing him with the baby, but he did not want to have any one under heaven to see him with her. But what could he do? Well, live or die he would have to quit the role at short notice.

He accosted several passers-by and asked them if they knew the baby, or where the baby lived, or anybody that lost a baby, or anybody that wanted a baby. Some of them regarded him with suspicion, others laughed at him, but no one relieved him of the baby.

One man suggested that he take the baby to the Police Station. But with all Scrapsey's reluctance to keeping the child on his hands he instantly and determinedly rejected the advice. "God forbid" he said. "Not on dis night of all de year. De Babe of Betlehem was denied a home among human beins when He came into dis woild, an dis night anyhow, dis child will fine a shelter wid humans." Drunk or sober, Mr. Nolan did not regard the officers of the law as human beings, but as a species of vulture or parts of a cruel machine, and he would have none of them.

The man protested that the Police Station was where the parents would first go to seek the child. But Scrapsey with more scorn than logic answered: "Das aright fer some babies! Lookin fer dem in a perlice station! Fer dem as likes such thing dey can have em, see? But as fer dis baby she woan go ter no perlice station, an doncher fergit it." And Scrapsey therewith started off for his boarding house, the baby sleeping on his arm, fatigued, mayhap, by excessive exercises of the vocal organs.

As he approached the house his courage failed him and his determination began to waver. What would the gang say to his playing nurse or active member of the Child Rescue League? He stood at the door a long time embarrassed and perplexed; he could devise no scheme to extricate himself from the difficulty.

But again the thought that it was Christmas Eve came to him, and this was a compelling motive; he threw open the door with a bang and walked straight up to the smoking room of the "Belvedere," now crowded with its twenty or thirty boarders, and gently placed his sleeping charge on the long table in the center of the room.

"Well, well," shouted the first man to catch a glimpse of Scrapsey and the baby, "will ye see wats comin in?"

"Git onter Jack-an-de-Bean-Stalk an Little Red Ridin Hood" cried out another.

"You're wrong there" broke in a third; "its Jack the Kidknapper, ye mean."

"Wats yer been doin, Scrapsey; robbin cradles?" queried another.

"Is it yer own, Scrapsey?" someone asked.

"Well, it looks like him," added his neighbor.

"Say, if youse guys'll only give a feller a chanst ter explain," said Scrapsey, trying hard to control his rapidly rising temper, "I'll do it." And with more or less veracity, as far as his memory served him, and the chaffing interruptions of his companions permitted, he related the adventures of the last few hours.

"Aw, youse guys is all jealous," sniffed Scrapsey.

"Well, it will go," retorted Scrapsey. "An if youse blokes doan like it youse can leave it, do you savey? As fer der baby she's mine fer der night anyhow. Here she is, and here she stays. An dats all dey is about it, see?"

"I don't know about that Scrapsey," said Bill James with mock seriousness. "We want no trouble in this haven of peace and I don't think Mrs. Oleson will stand for any rivals under her own roof."

"Aw quit yer kiddin," snapped Scrapsey, showing the lance had touched a vital spot, whereat the crowd roared with laughter.

"You're the only one that's been kiddin," said another. "And you've been caught with the goods on yer."

"What yer goin to do with it, Scrapsey; start a baby farm?" asked Bob Perkins.

"Well, if I do, I'll give you der first job as wet nurse," retorted Scrapsey triumphantly, whereat the crowd cheered Scrapsey and jibed Bob.

The uproar awoke the baby, and strange to say, she did not resume her crying. Rather, as she looked around, and took in the scene, a sunburst of smiles beamed on her face, and she seemed to enjoy the admiration of the big, rough fellows who surrounded her. Scrapsey assumed command, and standing before her, gently patting her cheeks, exulted "Aint she der peach, fellers? Say aint she der peaches an cream an der silver spoons all trun in?"

Sandy Macpheerson stooped down to her and in a maudlin way coaxed her, "Tootsie, will yer no kiss yer wootsie?" But Larry the Hun grabbed him by the shoulder and drew him away, saying, "Doan yer put yer face too near her Sandy, or she sure gat some jag on."

Scrapsey, happy, and smiling and beaming with pride took her up in his arms, tossed her into the air and set her on the table again giving vent to his joy in a repetition of his maudlin cooing.

"Gollys aint it cute?" chuckled a big, burly miner.

"Who, Scrapsey or the baby?" asked another.

"Aw, youse guys is all jealous," sniffed Scrapsey.

"There's only one jealous round here," Bill James answered, coming back to his game. "And here she comes now," as the Widow Oleson, owner and factotum of the "Belvedere" attracted by the unusual hilarity came in from the kitchen.

Divers explanations of the child's appearance were given Mrs. Oleson. She was for washing the baby and putting her to bed. To this there was unanimous objection. It was not every day that a wee bit of humanity, like a ray of sunshine, came into the dark, cheerless smoking room of the "Belvedere," and they were determined to make the most of her presence now.

"Well, let me take her out and give her some supper," said the widow. But they all voted that the supper was to brought in there.

"Didn't I tell you there was going to be someone jealous?" taunted Bill James. But Bill was silenced for the nonce with a swat of the dish cloth which the Widow carried on her arm.

The question of the child's diet was quickly settled. Scrapsey asked her if she did not want some pie, and she answered with avidity "Yep." Mrs. Oleson objected that pie would not be good for her. But her reasoning was drowned in the demands of all that she produce the pie. And the pie was pro-

duced,—boarding house pie, Mrs. Oleson's "very best pie." And the pie eating operation was a source of glee for all, as piece after piece disappeared before the boarding house appetite of the diminutive waif.

One of the gang with a faint, far away recollection that milk bottles went with all babies suggested that they get a milk bottle for her. Sandy Macpheerson answered: "I've got a bottle, but it aint no milk for babes," and he caused a near-riot as he made a pretence of offering the bottle to the child.

Dan Hardy, who thought himself something of a charmer, drew near the baby, and pursing his lips invitingly for a kiss said, "Lovey, wont yer kiss yer dovey?" But dan backed up when she pushed his face away saying, "No, youse a hombley man." And the "Belvedere" rocked with the cheers and clapping of hands and tramping of feet of the delighted crowd.

Tom Burns was the only man in the room who seemed to take no interest in the child. He had heard Scrapsey tell of the finding of the baby, but it interested him but little. During all the racket he was half dozing in a chair, tipped back against the wall. Tom's semi-slumber would have continued uninterrupted, had not Bill James taken the baby in his arms and started waltzing with her to the lilt of his own music. In the happy whirl Bill struck Tom's chair and upset him. Thrown from his chair Tom was rudely awakened. Rising to his feet and looking about for the cause of his overthrow, Tom in a glance caught sight of the baby's face, and with a suddenness which alone made it possible, he snatched the child from Bill's embrace, and before the crowd was aware of it, he was running down the stairs with her, and out into the night. Part of the crowd followed him, and Scrapsey taking it as his own personal affair soon overtook him, and with a short, sharp jerk that almost brought him to his knees, demanded with an oath, what he meant by such actions.

"For God's sake, man, leave me go," answered Tom, sobbing. "It's my own child."

There was sincerity in his tone that brought conviction to all, and the men abashed, returned in silence to the boarding house.

With fleet feet, his heart burning with shame, Tom hurried with the child through the back streets of the town, to what he had once called his home, whence his drinking habits made his impatient wife banish him some six months before.

Mrs. Burns had just returned from her search through the town. She had been told that a drunken man had brought the child to the church; there she learned he had departed, whence no one could tell. She had gone to the Police Station, where they were unable to tell her anything about the child. Distracted, she went aimlessly from street to street, with a mother's

love seeking her baby, but in vain. Hoping that perhaps someone in her absence had brought the child home, she returned there, and with a sad heart was wondering what next she would do, when there was a scraping outside the door, a heavy knock and the door was opened, and in rushed the child, its father following.

Quickly like a frightened hen protecting her young, the mother placed herself between the child and its father, pushed him through the open door way, and slammed the door in his face, shouting, "Go, man."

Tom stopped a moment outside, his sense of shame about to send him forth again a wanderer; then he turned and knocked. From within came the angry voice, "Leave the house, man, or I'll have the police on you."

From without he answered, "Kate, its Christmas Eve."

She hesitated a moment, and opened the door, and in walked the banished one, and in the instant, without words, but in feelings that made themselves felt stronger than words, the past was forgiven.

Tom told his wife as much of Scrapsey's story as he had heard; how finding the child looking for his Christmas Crib, he had taken her to the church, and thence to the boarding house, and how he himself, learning that it was his own child had brought her home.

Bright and early Christmas morning husband, wife and child went to find the Christmas Crib, that poetic conception of the Poor Man of Assissi, who walked this earth some time during the Middle Ages, but who lives in all ages. In the rear of the main altar an oratory had been transformed to represent the Stable of Bethlehem, wherein were life sized figures of the actors of the great drama of the Holy Night. There in the glorified cave, mid the beasts of the field, angels mingled with men and bowed down in adoration before the Lord of heaven who had become the Child of earth.

Mrs. Burns held the baby hushed and entranced in her arms and explained in words the child could understand the great love of that other Child, who was the great God of all, and who out of mercy for men, had come into this world to seek and save that which was lost. Beside her knelt her husband, now determined with all the strength of his being that he was through with drink forever.

Some of Scrapsey's less bibulous companions had brought him to Mass that morning, and when the service was finished they came round to the Crib. They arrived at the moment that Tom and his wife and child were at the entrance of the Crib, and the sight of the reunited family before that other Family, gave the big, rough fellows a choky feeling under the breast bone. Out of propriety they knelt behind the little family and

there made their own devotions. Scrapsey, the fearless one, who had acquired his title from invincibility in brawls, was now melted to tenderness, and gulped down a big sob, and vowed that he too was quit with the drink, and in simplicity and sincerity told the Divine Child that henceforth he would give Him better hospitality in his poor heart than He had found that first night in Bethlehem town. The big fellow's prayer was, "Give me one more chanst; jus one more, an I'll prove it." Scrapsey ratified his word that same Christmas day by taking the pledge from Father Mack. And while he was at it he told Father Mack that he had better begin the publication of the banns, as the pledge card was all that the Widow Oleson had been waiting for.

Scrapsey and his companions followed the little family from the church. When they were outside he called to Tom. The latter fearing that it was an invitation to break the promise he had just made, returned Scrapsey's salute, but kept on his way. But Scrapsey shouted, "Its aright, Tom; jus a word wid yer." Then taking bundles from under his coat, and pulling packages from his pockets, his companions doing likewise, he began to fill Tom's arms with them. There were boxes of candy, a life sized doll, a pair of shoes, a picture book, the ark, with all the animals saved from the flood, a kicking mule, a dancing bear and a meowing cat, an automobile, an airship, a train of cars—enough to fill the baby's cradle. "Tom," he said, "put dess in der baby's stockin."

Larry the Hun placed on the top of the pile one of the Widow Oleson's "very best pies," saying, "Tom, put dat in der baby's stockin, too."

THE CALL.

Through purple mists of vanished years,
A long lost memory appears
    A vision and a call divine;
When, sweet as breath of early morn,
To my faint soul, my heart forlorn,
    I heard a whisper, "Child, be mine."

And evermore I heard that tone,
That voice, to me before unknown,
    Inviting me to "rise and come."
I answered o'er and o'er again,
With rapture sweet akin to pain,
    "My dearest Lord, Thy will be done."

His Christmas Gift

"Adeste Fideles" pealed forth in solemn tones from the mighty organ. "Adeste Fideles," rang out from hundreds of sweet childish voices. It was Christmas night and the doors of the old cathedral were opened wide to admit the throng of worshippers at the midnight mass. The organist was at his post and the grand old song-prelude that for centuries has called hearts prayerful or obdurate to "come and worship" had cast its spell of adoration upon many a fervent soul.

Outside, in the bright moonlight, the glistening snow crunched under the heels of the passers-by. The richly painted windows of the church cast many patches of glowing color on the ground beneath. The bells in the steeple had ceased to swing to and fro, the services had begun and the procession was moving sedately down the broad aisles and up toward the sanctuary.

A solitary figure stood outside with coat-collar turned up and head bent low. He stood as if enraptured listening with muscles tense and eyes aglow. Then reverently lifted his hat. For a moment he hesitated but finally turned and went up the steps, entered the church, and sank into the nearest pew.

Walter Downing in the almost forgotten attitude of kneeling began to recall memories of happier days—days long past and nearly buried in oblivion. Sad thoughts, too, crowded into his mind; his wilful disobedience, his father's anger, his flight from home; his mother's letters of entreaty to return and begin anew, but wilful pride had checked his better impulses.

How warm and homelike it seemed now to be there. How natural to be listening to the melodious chant, which he had sung as a choir boy years ago. He raised his head and in a tone scarcely audible to himself sang a word or two of the well-remembered music, he realized with a pang what it all meant for him in the past and a great longing, a great homesickness, as it were, filled his soul and called him back again.

"Venite adoremus."

Father, mother, home, Sunday school, the great joys of Christmas passed in review before him. His head sank upon the back of the pew before him, he gave himself up to prayerful reverie. He seemed to behold the Judean country as it was in ages past and the little town of Bethlehem amid the shadows of its olive-crowned hills. Nature seemed peace itself; the deepest diamonds of the sky sparkled brilliantly. Over the sloping hillsides the Shepherds leaned lazily upon their staffs,

the slumbering silence of the night broken now and again, by some restless lamb or the low lilt of the Shepherds' whistle, as they watched their flocks, and then, as deeper grew the night, and brighter the stars, one gleaming, meteorlike wavered an instant as though to attract his attention and suddenly swept across the heavens in a beautiful arc. Magic-like, he watched its flight, and as he gazed again he perceived that it had disappeared just above the church he had entered.

The vision of a few moments before, the memory of past ingratitude awakened by the words of the festive hymn, and the flash of the falling star, all seemed to speak to him strongly of something. He smiled happily for the first time in years; for now he knew what must be his Christmas gift to the God who loved him so.

A sudden lurch at his elbow brought him to his senses. He had been sleeping. Softly came the last strains of the recessional:

"Follow the starlight that leads to God
Hearts full of gratitude bring."

In the cathedral, clouds of incense had arisen from the slowly swaying censer and the aisles were dim with the fragrant vapor. The last notes of the organ died away—the services were over. Walter Downing arose with the last few most devout worshippers and slowly wended his way out. The next evening father and a mother were rejoicing at the return of a prodigal son, upon whose heart the Angel of Repentance had set a Christmas seal. "OLIVE."

Apropos of theatres of all kinds, one species that will bear rigorous supervision is the "nickel show" of moving pictures. Experience in many a city has shown that these cheap amusement concerns are too often veritable schools of vice for the young. Parents cannot be too strict in safeguarding the morals of their children from the insidious dangers inseparable from attendance at many of these cheap theatres.

The darkness we sometimes complain of in men's speech and in books is not unfrequently the darkness of our own minds. To say of a book that it is unintelligible is seldom anything more than to say that we are aware of nothing in our experience by which it can be interpreted.

A wise man, especially a modest man, is slow to infer, from the fact that he does not comprehend a book, that it contains nothing to be comprehended.

DR. BROWNSON.

A Maine Mission Play

The mission fields of Maine have long since been overflowing with abundant materials for a first class mission play, but the author of such has as yet failed to appear. The heroic deeds of the early "Padres" on the far away Pacific coast have already been dramatized and a play showing the many and stirring incidents connected with the sowing of the Faith west of the Sierras is now going on in the heart of the old mission district. The missions of California however date only from 1769 whereas ours carry us back to the summer days of 1604 when Champlain the Catholic was drawing the plans and laying the foundations of Sainte Croix. From this day on to the destruction of the Narantsouac mission in the Summer of 1724 we have more than a hundred years of practically continuous effort on the part of the Church to win this the most easterly section of our country for the Cross. During this eventful period in the history of our State, many were the eminent men who have as it were left their names written in letters of gold throughout our early annals.

We have the first settlement at Sainte Croix in the closing months of 1604; the privations of this the first winter spent by Europeans in our hard and rigorous climate; the terrible sufferings; and the decimation of the colony by disease and exposure; the long months of weary waiting for aid from France; the final evacuation of the Holy Cross mission in the summer of 1605.

In 1613 we record the establishment of the Saint Sauveur mission on the shores of Mount Desert, and its destruction a few weeks later by the Piratical Samuel Argall; then comes the long struggle of nearly a century for the possession of that lovely spot on charming Penobscot Bay, Pentagoet, the Castine of today. From the rugged and surf beaten shores of Penobscot's many islands, we ascend the beautiful Kennebec to Cushnoc, Tacconnet, and Narantsouac still following in the footsteps of the "Fathers" from their first coming in the fall of 1611 until the destruction of the flourishing mission of Narantsouac August 23, 1724. Amid many and varied scenes, one might well place a mission play of four acts; the first laid at Sainte Croix, the second on the sea beaten shores of Mount Desert, the third amid the many ruins of "Old Pentagoet" and the fourth beneath the shadow of the mission cross which today stands as a lone sentinel over the ashes of Narantsouac. Thus would we have brought before us in as many acts, the first four

parishes established in the Pine Tree State,— the Holy Cross, the Holy Redeemer, the Holy Family, and the Assumption, one on the Sainte Croix river, the second on Mount Desert, the third on Penobscot Bay and the fourth on the Kennebec. Such a play would bring before us many a heroic figure of a long forgotten past. We would then see again the historic forms of De Monts, Champlain, De La Saussaye, D'Aulnay, La Tour, Grandfontaine, Castin, the famed Indian Chiefs, Antiscou, Madocawando, Samoset, Wiwurna, Bomaseen, the brown clad Capuchins, and above all the black gowned Jesuits, Biard, Massé, Druillettes, and the martyred Râle, men whose lives abound in deeds of heroic and sublime sacrifice. Such in brief might be the outline of a mission play which would speak to the present generation most effectively on the early days of the Church in Maine.

From that most excellent December number of the Columbiad, we glean these few facts concerning the California Mission Play. Its author is John Steven McGroarty of Los Angeles. The first move in this direction however seems to have been taken by Mr. Frank A. Miller who while assisting at the Passion Play of Oberammergau was led to ask himself "why not a Mission Play for California?" On his return to the State, Mr. Miller took council with his friend Dr. David Starr Jordan at that time President of the Stanford University. Together they canvassed the state of California to find a man capable of rising to the sublimity of this great subject, finally to agree on the editor of the West Coast Magazine, author of California poetry and history, Mr. McGroarty. The play as written by this gentleman, which represents the work of two years, scored a marked success on the occasion of its first presentation. "In the two short years of its existence," says the Columbiad, "the Mission Play of California has become fully as widely known as the Passion Play of Oberammergau. Indeed, it has well been said that 'What the Passion Play is to Oberammergau the Mission Play is to California.'"

Already more than six hundred performances of the play have been given, and its run of thirty-three weeks at San Gabriel in a forgotten adobe village twelve miles from a considerable city, stands as the record in the history of dramatic performances.

The story portrayed by this deeply interesting play is in its general outlines not unlike what might be that of our own Maine missions. In it we have the laying of the foundations, or the spring time for the sowing of the seed; the summer season, the Missions' flourishing years; then the autumn, as its declining years. The California Mission Play, says the Columbiad, "in three acts tells the story of the Franciscan Missionary enterprise in California, beginning with the arrival of Fray Junipero Serra

and Don Gaspar de Portola with the first expedition of 1769 at San Diego; the rise and full glory of the Missions fifteen years later, shown in the second act, and their decay and ruin in after years, as shown by the third act, where the scene is laid amid the broken and deserted walls of the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, in 1847.

Just before the beginning of the play a prelude is enacted before the curtain in pantomine wherein three ghostly figures cross the stage, the first a nude Indian savage sensing the approach of the white conquerors, the second a bucklered conquistadore typifying the Spanish conquest, and the third a Franciscan friar voicelessly proclaiming the ever-living faith in the Cross of Christ.

The first act opens in the shores of the Bay of San Diego, in the fateful year of 1769. A corporal, three soldiers, and a Franciscan "padre" are sitting dejectedly in the sun, the weary padre asleep against one of the rude huts that had been reared to shelter the expedition. They are all worn with anxious waiting for the return of Don Gaspar de Portola, the Commandante of the expedition, who, with a chosen body of men, had gone forth more than half a year before in search of the port of Monterey. Disease, hunger and death had made sad inroads on the ranks of those who had remained in the garrison at San Diego. Discontent is rampant, mutiny is in the air. Only one steadfast soul remains, and that is Junipero Serra, the great-souled missionary, who is the central dominating figure of the play—the one great name which is in California today a cherished household word among all the people of every class and creed. Alone, of all that company, Father Junipero battles against defeat and despair. When the hour is darkest he appears and conciliates the garrison by his love and faith or whips it into submission by the force of his indomitable courage.

At length, after the dreary months of waiting, Don Gaspar and his men return. But they did not find Monterey. And they are all in a terrible plight, as a result of the hardships they have endured. When Portoia realizes the fact that the garrison at San Diego has not accomplished anything not even the conversion of one single Indian to the faith, that not one baptism has been performed and that death stares them and himself in the face, he orders everybody, including Father Junipero, to be on board the ship at sunset to sail with the tide back to Mexico. California is to be instantly abandoned, and those who are still left living saved from starvation while yet there is time. Cries of gladness rise from the hearts of the reassembled survivors of the ill-starred enterprise. Yet, again, that one great soul flames out in opposition. Junipero Serra will not go. He vehemently declares that he will remain alone in California to prosecute the work which they had come to do.

Then in the play comes the great conflict between Serra and Portola and the survivors—the great conflict between Serra and one hand and sublime faith and dauntless courage on the other. Father Junipero pleads with Portola for one more day of time, reminding the Commandante that the relief ship which had been promised them to arrive in San Diego nearly two-thirds of a year before, might still arrive. Portola laughs the very idea to scorn. Then in the midst of the excitement a band of savage Indians appear offering a child for baptism. Father Junipero is estatic in his joy. Victory at last appears on the horizon. All is made ready for the baptism and amid much impressive ceremony the rite is actually performed. But, at the very moment of its performance, the Indians madly snatch the babe away, disappearing with wild shouts and savage imprecations. Again is there defeat for Father Junipero, and this time it is the worst defeat of all. Now there is no hope whatever. Again does Portola order the garrison aboard the ship to sail at sunset. The sun is already sinking and now, more vehemently than ever, Father Junipero declares that he will not go. "Alone will I remain in California," he says. "Then, answers Portola, "if you do not come of your own free will, we shall be obliged to force you. We dare not leave you alone among these murderous savages."

It is now that Father Junipero flings himself upon his knees and storms the gates of God for a ship to come—the relief ship that was promised them. He calls upon God to keep faith with the people. "Save starving San Diego, save California, and in return we will give Thee this land of the heathen and all the souls that dwell in darkness," he cries. A hush of the deepest awe falls on the multitude. Suddenly a voice calls out from the tragic silence: "A sail! a sail! Look, Father Junipero, God has answered your prayer." The crowd turns to the sea. There in the flame of the sunset was the ship. In that hour of miracle, when the fate of California hung in the balance, was the faith of Junipero Serra rewarded.

The second act portrays the Missions in the days of their glory. Success has been wrung from defeat. Fifteen years have passed since that dark hour at San Diego, when God sent the saving sail in answer to Junipero Serra's prayer. The Indians have now been converted and civilized, taught to say the white man's prayers and to do a white man's work. The scene is at Father Junipero's own Mission of San Carlos, at Carmel, six miles across the pine-clad hills from Monterey. The curtain goes up upon the dawn of day. The people come trooping on the stage singing the historical old morning hymn of the Missions. There is a procession to Church, and, after that, there is a convocation of all the fathers superior of the Cali-

fornia Missions who have assembled at Carmel to make their reports to Father Junipero, the father-president.

At the convocation, as the fathers are gathered about a large table in the patio, or court yard, of the Mission, the reports show the marvelous progress the Mission enterprise has made. Thousands of cattle and sheep are reported, bursting granaries are on every hand, and, best of all, the once savage Indians have flocked in to the fold of the faith.

In the midst of the convocation the sound of galloping horsemen is heard from without. Capt. Rivera, Commandante of all the King's soldiers in California, is announced with a troop of cavalry from the presidio of San Francisco. He enters and demands the custody of a half-blood girl named Anita. Father Junipero, being informed of the Commandante's sinful designs upon the girl, refuses to give her up. The Commandante flies into a rage and proceeds to carry out the purpose of his visit to Carmel. Then, Father Junipero, who has grown very old and feeble, and near his end, renews the old fires of his youth. He straightens to his old stature, and in a grand scene of wrath and the display of powerful mastery, excommunicates the Commandante and drives him out from the Mission walls.

The remainder of this wonderfully colorful act is given over to what is known as the "Fiesta scene" of the play. Indian and Spanish dances, song, music and all the old poetry of mirth and gladness for which the Spanish era in California was renowned, are given with great grace and gusto by native dancers and singers. It is in this act, also, that the great pageant of the Indian arts and crafts is given. The act ends with Father Junipero kneeling alone in the moonlight at the Mission Cross speaking "farewell" to California, which was so dear to him, and asking a blessing upon it and upon the people.

The third act tells the story of ruin. The brave glad days of the Missions are no more. The work of the padres has been undone, and they, themselves, with all their once happy Indian neophytes have been driven out to starve and die. The scene is laid amid the ruins of the once splendid Missions of San Juan Capistrano. The Senora Josefa Yorba, "of the blood of Castile," descendant of conquisadores, appears from her distant rancho to visit the old, fallen altar at which she and her forefathers had so often worshipped in peace and gladness. She finds amid the broken walls old Ubaldo, the caretaker of the Mission under its new owner. This Ubaldo turns out to be the same Indian, who, as a child, was the first of his race to be baptized in the faith at San Diego, when the prayers of Father Junipero brought the miraculous ship. Through the dialogue between Senora Yorba and Ubaldo the audience learns the story of the ruin of the Missions and what caused it. During their conversation several Indians appear bearing on a litter

the body of a dead Franciscan priest who had followed them to the mountains when they were driven away. He died of starvation, but before his death he exacted a promise from the Indians to bury him in the consecrated ground of the Mission. When the Senora Yorba stoops to place a flower on the dead padre's body she discovers the golden, jeweled chalice of the old Mission altar, and, upon questioning the Indians, she learns that they meant to bury it with the dust of their padre, although they well knew they could sell it for a great sum of money. But they would not sell it nor steal it. They had lost their homes, their happiness, and they were hungry, but they had kept the faith that Father Junipero had brought to them and to their fathers. This act ends with the tragic lamentation of the Senora for the lost glory of the olden days, but with the expressed hope that some day the Mission would be restored.

The theater itself in which the Mission Play is performed is alone well worth a visit. It is built to resemble an old Mission —not unlike the interior of the Mission San Gabriel which was founded in 1771, and which stands just across the road from the play-house. Thus the theater is steeped in the very atmosphere of history. Surrounding the playhouse are minatures of the twenty-one Franciscan Missions of California as they appeared along the golden stretches of El Camino Real, the King's Highway—the old road of the padres which joined the Missions together. This is the creative idea of Ida L. McGroarty, wife of the author of the Mission Play."

"We are the weavers of our destiny;
Our deeds are threads, and these when
woven o'er,
Form chains that bind us down to misery
Or lift our spirits upward evermore."

Soldier-Priests and the French Army

The law which exacts the usual army service on the part of her consecrated children, has we believe been a most unjust one on the part of the French Republic, and should have been long since consigned by the devoted French people to that oblivion which it most justly deserves. That it remains however on the statute books of the Nation, and has been so faithfully responded to by the various members of the French clergy whether living at home or abroad, has perhaps seemed not a little strange to many of our American Catholics. That there are real reasons for this response on the part of our French brethren of the Clergy is emply attested by the following letter addressed by Father Bruneau, S. S., to the Editor of the Catholic Universe, Cleveland, Ohio.

"To the Editor of the Universe:

What prompted the writing of these lines is the fact that the real situation of French soldier-priests does not seem to be understood here by a number of good people who cannot see at all that they should go to the front and fight for the defense of their country. The purpose of the writer is merely to enlighten such.

That the French priests should not, as a rule, of their own accord, volunteer to become soldiers, as some American citizens have generously volunteered to serve under the French flag is readily granted. But the matter is not left to their choice at all. They are called to the colors: such is the fact. Should they ignore the call they would be regarded as deserters, and make themselves liable to all the consequences, viz., deprivation of rights of citizenship, inability to contract, possess, inherit, etc., they could never return to France without being thrown into jail, not to mention the discredit and shame they would bring on their name, their relatives and friends, their Church and their fellow priests. As a matter of fact, they all obey. Not one complaint has been heard. Not one has expressed the least scruple. And surely there are conscientious men among those 20,000 French soldier-priests, some of them bishops, professors of theology, rectors of seminaries, etc. Those scattered in foreign lands have returned at the country's first call. Their superiors, their bishops, not without a bleeding heart, encourage them. Pope Pius X gave his solemn blessing

to the young Franciscans who were recalled to France by mobilization.

Evidently then a dispensation from the canonical impediment known (or unknown) as defectus lenitatis is granted them.

It might be asked: Is not the law which they obey with such apparently clear conscience an iniquitous law? Certainly it is not what would have been enacted had union between Church and state been closer than it was in France in 1889. We may even grant that in the mind of some of those who made that law there was a thought of hindering the recruiting of the clergy, or of lowering its sacred ideals by forcing young seminarists to spend some months in the atmosphere of the barracks. The main idea, however, seems to have been the military service equal for all, an idea which has sunk so deep into the French character that no bishop would dare at the present moment to talk of the "immunities and privileges of the Church." The fact is that if the enemies of the Church had hoped to ruin the clergy they have a great mistake. For untold good has been accomplished by the seminarians at the barracks in time of peace.

Since the beginning of the war, both seminarians and priests have given a wonderful example of courage, abnegation and heroism. Inspired by such examples, happy at the thought that they can receive the Sacraments from the hands of fellow soldiers—unofficial but very effective chaplains—right in the intrenchments under a hailstorm of bullets, while the chaplains in the rear cannot easily be reached, French soldiers have done their duty splendidly. As a result the clergy has become immediately more popular. Men whose religious practices was somewhat indifferent have flocked to the churches. From reliable sources it appears that 75 or 80 per cent of the soldiers have received the Sacraments before going to fight; officers and soldiers were seen kneeling for absolution, in open streets; they can face death after that with a Christian courage and joy that nothing else could bring about. In the meantime the nation (if not the government) beseeches God to forgive their sins, to give the victory to their armies and to look favorably upon the eldest daughter of the Church, "that generous, apostolic nation," to quote the dying Count de Mun, who knew well his dear France, which God almost needs, and that no other can replace in serving the interests of religion in the world; and this true miracle is accomplished; God takes possession again of French souls, a truly supernatural life springs out of the dreadful holocaust. And as Cardinal Amette put it: "The war is as good as a spiritual retreat."

Certainly the patriotism, the generosity, the courage of the soldier-priests has been to a great extent responsible for these consoling results. For realizing that they are priests above all, they fight, not only as men, but as priests, viz., they aim at mak-

ing their military courage an apostolate, and used as they are to lead souls, they can lead soldiers and make them true heroes. The newspapers tell us how one, an officer, seeing that his company was wavering, sprang forward and cried: "I am a priest. I have no fear of death! Forward all!" And he fell, riddled with bullets, but he had carried the position. This is only one instance. Many others could be quoted. Never would they agree with the ill-advised who say that patriotism is not such a great thing. Their patriotism prompts them to give their life for their country—they are mindful of the word of the Master: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." No doubt they would prefer to give it in a different manner—those, for instance, who return from the foreign missions whither they had gone with the hope of shedding their blood under the torturer's sword. But a more pressing need is calling them now; when the house is on fire, or when thieves invade sacred precincts, even priests will fight. Indeed the sacred vessels which they so jealously save from profanation are to be used exclusively for sacred purposes. Still did not St. Charles Borromeo and hosts of saintly bishops and priests sell the chalices and other sacred vessels of their churches to get money so as to save the poor from starvation? Priests whose hands are consecrated to bless and to sanctify ought to be in the sanctuary in normal times. But God knows how to derive good from evil and in a storm like the present one, who could say that their presence at the front is not a blessing?

Would it not be better, some will ask, if they remained at their post—where they could do more good? Undoubtedly, their work will suffer for a time; missions will be without missionaries. But meanwhile, when the invader is spreading ruin and destruction over the fair land and the fair churches of their fathers, they rise in an effort to repel him and secure the benefits of civilization for their fellow citizens and even for those of other countries. History will tell the far-reaching influence of what they do now in fighting, and dying for their country; we do not need to advertise their heroism.

The priests left in the parishes and other institutions continue the work of God, trying to do twice as much as before in order that the spiritual needs of souls be attended to as usual. Even if there is some suffering there for dearth of priests, this will not last; the people are more fervent than in ordinary times and consequently the kingdom of God is extended. Should many not come back, the hand of God is not shortened. The blood of martyrs is a seed of Christians. If in the pagan lands the number of apostolic missionaries is reduced perhaps the Catholics of such countries as ours will understand their duty in the question of foreign missions and change a condition which to many is just short of scandal. What are we doing for

the missions in point of financial assistance? Not one cent a year per Catholic is given. And how many missionaries have gone from this country to foreign lands? The first priest for foreign missions was ordained a few days ago. Perhaps this war, among the many providential designs of God, will open the eyes of American Catholics and make them share more abundantly and substantially than they have, in the great work of the missions; even if charity begins at home, it does not end there.

We are aware that Christ is the prince of peace and that war is a scourge, but what Holy Mother Church makes us ask from God is "that peace which the world cannot give." And such peace our soldier-priests carry in their hearts and give to their fellow soldiers. The Crusaders had it in the most intense heat of their truly holy war. Saints have sanctified their souls in fighting the enemy of their country, and they have been canonized. Think of Joan of Arc—to quote only the lately beatified soldier-maid—sent to fight by God Himself. In fact there are virtues which can have their full expression only in time of war. "There is," says the Bishop of Salford in a recent message to a Catholic paper, the Catholic Federationist, "the universal heroism evoked by the cry of the individual fatherland, which is being responded to with almost reckless enthusiasm on the part of the best and soundest and noblest of the race, all fired with an unexampled loyalty and spirit of self-sacrifice for the cause. . . . Lastly the marvelous outpouring of charity, not merely lavish generosity in contributing money and treasure for the relief of suffering and distress, but the universal, unstinting sacrifice of time and hard work on the part of the women of every social class, whether in the plying of needle and machine, or in the care of the wounded." Heroic self-sacrifice and charity always bring a blessing. Was it not Joseph de Maistre, who said that was a spark which brought forth everything divine in the human heart? War indeed is a scourge, but this war may be the scourge which God is pleased to use for the healing of the nations.

Is it rash to say that the priests and religious, by leaving without hesitation the safety and relative comfort of the exile to which a brutal persecution had relegated them in order to shed their blood for the defense of their country, may powerfully contribute to bring a change in the condition of the French Church and render her legal status more in harmony with the really intense Catholic life which, the well-informed travelers agree, is still met, and will be yet more met with in France? Then a new legislation will exempt priests from military service. In this instance, as in many others, life comes from death.

Indeed it is easier to criticise French soldier-priests than to imitate their abnegation. Their chalice is bitter enough even if it is glorious, that brother priests should not make it bitterer

by tactless criticism. Admiration and generous sympathy is what they deserve. Alleviation in their sufferings they despise. One of our Catholic weeklies in a recent issue thought it witty to quote under the title of "Another German Atrocity," the order given by the Kaiser to give to French priest-soldiers, prisoners of war, the treatment given to officers. This humiliation of privileged treatment they will not suffer; to them it is "atrocity" indeed, and we are glad and proud to learn—we had always expected it—that bishops refuse absolutely any such favor for their priests. A truly French answer!

JOSEPH BRUNEAU, S. S.

SHINE STARS.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of pain!
See old Time destroying
All our hoarded gain;
All our sweetest flowers,
Every stately shrine,
All our hard-earned glory,
Every dream divine.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the rolling years!
See how Time, consoling,
Dries the saddest tears,
Bids the darkest storm-clouds
Pass in gentle rain,
While upspring in glory
Flowers and dreams again!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of fear!
See how Time, avenging,
Bringeth judgment here:
Weaving ill-won honors
To a fiery crown;
Bidding hard hearts perish
Casting proud hearts down.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the hours' slow flight!
See how Time rewarding,
Gilds good deeds with light;
Pays with kingly measure;
Brings earth's dearest prize;
Or, crowned with rays diviner,
Bids the end arise!

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Notes on the Statistics of our Parochial School

Last week we published some statistics of the Parochial System of the Diocese of Portland, with comments thereon. Some further observations on these statistics may be of interest to our readers.

As pointed out last week, the total actual attendance of children in our schools 13,578. This number may not seem large for the whole State, but perhaps it may seem large as we reflect that this number is one eighth of all the children in all the public schools of the State. Again if we view it in the light of the truth, that in general population for the whole State, non-Catholics outnumber Catholics about six to one, these figures show a very high percentage of attendance in our parochial schools. As we have not at hand the total number of Catholic children of school age, we are as yet unable to estimate the actual percentage of Catholic children attending the parochial schools.

In the State of Maine we have forty-three parochial schools. These schools are in twenty-eight cities and towns. Of the twenty cities in the State, eleven have parochial schools, and consequently there are nine cities where no parochial school is to be found. The cities without parochial schools are Belfast, Gardiner, Hallowell, Eastport, Ellsworth, Rockland, Saco and South Portland. It will be remarked that these are cities with a small Catholic population. The small number of Catholic children in some of these cities would hardly warrant a Catholic school, while in others, preparations are already being made to open a parochial school, so that there hardly a city in the State without its parochial school, or whose proximity to a city possessing parochial schools, places the advantage of a religious education within the reach of all the city dwellers of the State.

Of the 13,578 children attending the parochial schools nearly ten thousand of those are in the parochial schools of the eleven cities, while in the seventeen towns and villages there are 3,591 parochial school children. The Catholic population of the State of Maine is found mostly in the cities, hence also the larger parochial attendance is found in the cities.

Which is the oldest parochial school in the State? The Kavanagh School, Portland, which is in reality a continuation of the old St. Aloysius School long since passed away, un-

doubtedly has that distinction. The St. Aloysius School was founded just fifty years ago.

Which is the youngest or latest of our schools? This honor is divided between two schools, opened during the present year: St. Mary's School of Augusta, and St. John's of Rumford. St. John's opened with the very high attendance of 337 children; while St. Mary's with the relatively higher attendance of 122.

The palm for the largest school must be awarded to St. Peter's School, Lewiston, with 1,157 children. In this one parochial school there is a larger attendance than in all the public schools of several cities of the State. It is three times larger than the attendance of all public schools in Hallowell, according to the last report. Lewiston with its five parochial schools has the largest parochial school attendance of any city in the State, the number being 2,016 children. This is 354 less than the number registered for all the public schools of Lewiston, and 181 more than the average attendance for those same schools.

Biddeford comes next as a city, with three parochial schools aggregating 1,902 children. It likewise has the second largest parochial school in the State, St. Joseph's, with an attendance of 907.

The Cathedral School for boys of the primary grades and girls of the primary and grammar grades has an attendance of 798, while the boys of the grammar grades attend the Catholic Institute, a grammar school for the different parishes of the city of Portland. The Catholic Institute is a rapidly growing school; so much so, indeed, that within a month after the statistics had been sent in, the attendance at the Institute had grown from 262 to 302.

Worthy of note is the St. Ignatius' School of Sanford, which has the largest attendance of any school outside the cities, the number of children attending being 631.

In all the schools of the Diocese the regular work of the Public School program is being carried on in an excellent manner, and in results they suffer nothing in comparison with them. In many of our schools two languages are learned, which is an educational advantage as expressed in the adage "he who has two languages is twice a man;" while in all, religious instruction and training is the distinctive mark of our schools. This has an educational value, apart from its religious and moral aspect, which cannot be supplied by any substitutes, and which is to be obtained only in our schools.

In numbers and efficiency our schools are increasing from year to year, and are our greatest hope for the individual, for the Church and for the state.

Orono, the Catholic Indian Chief

The life of Joseph Orono is shrouded in much uncertainty and what history has written of him is exceedingly conjectural. But from the maze of apparently contradictory statements I have tried to sift the errors and to put together the following which I feel may be relied upon as very near the truth.

There is very little authentic history of the chiefs or sagamores of the Penobscot tribe of Indians before Madokawando who lived in the 17th century. The time of his birth is not given by any historian, but it is certain that he was very active in the wars of King Philip and was on intimate terms with Baron de Castine. Madokawando, a Tarratine Chief, was the adopted son of Assiminasqua, a sagamore of the Kanabis or Canibas, one of the Abenaki tribes.

In the summer time, Madakawando, with his brother Indians, was accustomed to make yearly trips in their birch canoes down the Penobscot to its mouth, and in the salt water to catch fish in sufficient quantities to supply their needs, during winter, in their homes around Orono. On one of these annual excursions he fell in with Baron de Castine, who was then sojourning on a peninsula in Penobscot Bay, and which now bears that nobleman's name.

The sagamore and the explorer became fast friends and so great was his admiration for the Baron that he gave his daughter Matilde to him as wife, and of this union with Matilde were born several children, among whom was one fair daughter who, afterwards, married a Frenchman of Castine's suite, and of this union was born, about 1691, Orono, the hero of this sketch.

In confirmation of the above, Capt. Joseph Munsell, of Bangor, Maine, who knew Orono well, said, and his words are on record, that Orono himself told him, (the Captain) his father was a Frenchman and his mother half French and half Indian. Hence, we may conclude as almost certain, that Orono was the grandson of Baron de Castine and Matilde, the daughter of the celebrated sagamore, Madokawando.

There are two other accounts of Orono's birth which I deem fit to give, but which I consider improbable.

The first: Orono, according to a tradition that received credence among the old settlers of this town (Orono), was the child of white parents and was kidnapped, in infancy, by the Tarratines, from the banks of the Androscoggin, near where the town of Brunswick now stands. But this story I

hold to be incorrect, for Mr. Phineas Vinal, at present a venerated citizen of Orono, and grandson on his mother's side of John Marsh, to whom was sold by the Indians, Marsh Island, five thousand acres, (on which are Old Town and part of Orono) for fifteen bushels of corn, and the interpreter between the Indians and the English in the War of 1812, when the latter came to Bangor, told me he heard his mother say, who knew Chief Orono well, that he was certainly part Indian, as could be seen in his countenance, but had few, if any of the characteristics of that race.

Second: The other story is that he was a native of York in Cumberland County, this state, and was one of several captive children taken in 1692 by the Indians who ravaged that place. Orono, according to this story, was four years old at the time. Also the same tradition states that the Indians, soon after, sent back to the garrison-houses the old women, and the children between the ages of three and seven years, so as to recompense the English who, on a former occasion, spared the lives of several Indian women and children. Hence, if Orono, who was then four years, was among the captives, he must have been among those who were returned. Again this tradition says, that his family name was Donmel or Donnel, but, at that time, 1692, the Donnel family was one of the most, if not the most distinguished family in all that section, or in the province, and hence, if a son of that distinguished family had been taken captive, he would in all probability, have been returned or recovered. Besides, there is no mention of this, even traditionally, among the people of York.

Madokawando died about 1700. It is said that he always treated his prisoners well, and that he was known for his sagacity and sincerity.

We have no reliable data concerning his immediate successors, but of this we are certain that, at the beginning of the American Revolution, Orono, who had acquired the confidence of his people by his ability, integrity and prudence, was acclaimed their Chief.

Some reviewers of his life make him chief long before this date and place his birth in 1688; but I cannot find a particle of evidence to sustain the former, on the contrary in 1754 when the Indians were at war with the French, Tomasus was sagamore of the tribe, and though Orono was at that time a man of ability and held important positions, yet, we have no evidence of his being chief so early. Tomasus, or Tamor, as he is sometimes called, was succeeded by Osson, a chief who believed in the policy of peace until his patience was exasperated by the nefarious and bloody actions of Capt. Casgill of Newcastle, Maine, who, one day with his company

of volunteers, wickedly and unhumanely shot a party of peaceable Indian hunters on Owl's Head.

Osson died about the beginning of the American Revolution, and Orono succeeded him.

Orono was a man of intelligence—though not much of a reader or writer—a gentle, benign chief, and very sedate. He was very thoughtful and reserved, saying little and that after mature consideration. When he expressed his views they were always to the point and in as few words as possible. He had an analytic mind and good common sense, which served him in the place of higher education,—"a sensible, serious man and a hearty friend."

Naturally he knew both the French and Indian languages, his father being French and his mother half French and half Indian. The English language he could also speak quite fluently, particularly towards the end, when he associated a great deal with the whites.

Orono belonged to the Tarratine tribe of Indians who were among the earliest converts to Catholicity made by the Jesuit Fathers east of the Mississippi. He is sometimes referred to as converted to the Faith, but this is a mistake, as his father and mother were both Catholics. To the Catholic religion he was ardently attached. He loved its ritual and considered it an honor to be allowed to take part in its ceremonies. He was a staunch supporter of the faith planted in the hearts of his sagamore ancestors by the "black robes," and, when after the Revolution, Protestant missionaries were sent to the tribe to pervert them, they failed to shake the faith of their fathers.

In figure, he was tall and stately, finely proportioned, with noble bearing, fair hair, blue eyes benignly penetrating and intelligent—the grand specimen of a warrior, and it is said that, in his gait, even in old age, there were a gracefulness and elasticity which at once attracted and marked his superiority. But his breadth of mind, his gentlemanly manners and kind disposition made him a chief not alone among the Indians but also among the white men, and gave him that distinction which posterity recognizes.

Williamson says that "his manners were both conciliating and commanding, and his habits worthy of all imitation. For he was not only honest, chaste, temperate and industrious, but his word was sacred and his friendship unchanging. . . . Though he was not deficient in courage or any of the martial virtues, he was so fully aware how much wars had wasted his tribe and entailed misery on the survivors, as to become, from principle, a uniform and persevering advocate of peace. He knew, and always labored to convince his people, that they flourished best and enjoyed most under its refreshing shade." And even after Casgill's murderous assault, Orono, who was

then a warrior passed middle age, was still for peace. "To kill the living will not bring the dead to life," said he, speaking of the Owl's Head wicked transaction. "The crimes of few never sprinkle blood on all. Strike the murderers! Let the rest be quiet. Peace is the Voice of God. Everyone is blessed under its wings. Everything withers in war; Indians are killed; squaws starve. Nothing is gained, not plunder, not glory. Englishmen are now too many. Let the hatchet lay buried. Smoke the calumet once more. Strive for peace. Exact a recompense by treaty for wrongs done us. None! Ay, then fight 'em."

Orono could not understand how England could persecute, plunder or enslave her colonies, which he looked upon as her children in a far off land, and he could not conceive how England, professing Christianity, could be a factor in such unnatural a warfare.

There was nothing so dear to Orono's heart, after his religion, as liberty. It was the sweetest sound to the Christian sagamore's ears. "Give me liberty or give me death," was the key note of his soul. On one occasion, addressing his braves, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, before he proffered aid to the Americans, he made use of these noble and patriotic words:

"The Great Spirit gives us freely all things. Our white brothers tell us they came to the Indian's country to enjoy liberty and life. Their Great Sagamore (the English King) is coming to bind them in chains, to kill them. We must fight him. We will stand on the same ground with them. For should he bind them in bonds, next he will treat us as bears. Indians' liberties and lands, his proud spirit will tear away from them. Help his ill-treated sons: they will return good for good, and the law of love runs through the hearts of their children and ours when we are dead. Look down the stream of time. Look up to the Great Spirit. Be kind, be valiant, be free:—then are Indians Sons of Glory!'

Captivated by these patriotic sentiments, his people applauded him and swore fealty to him, whatever cause he espoused. So, when the Revolutionary War broke out, resisting all solicitations of other tribes, he extended his sympathy and proffered the aid of his warriors to the American Cause, and at a moment when Indians, in other parts of the state, were threatening to join the English, Orono, with three of his colleagues, as a deputation of the Penobscot Indians, arrived in Watertown, Massachusetts, two days after the battle of Bunker Hill, and tendered their services to the Provincial Congress held there on June 21, 1775.

Orono, addressing a committee of the Provincial Congress said, among other things:

"In behalf of the whole Penobscot tribe I hereby declare to you, if the grievances, under which our people labor, were removed, they would aid with their whole force, to defend the country." The grievances, spoken of by Orono, were principally trespasses by the whites upon their timber lands and cheating them in trade.

Tho' the smoke of battle of Bunker Hill had scarcely cleared away, the committee of the Provincial Congress said nothing about accepting Orono's offer, but promised him that, "as soon as they could take breath from this present fight" their complaints should be attended to. In the same year the above-mentioned grievances were removed, and, on July of the following year, three of the Penobscot tribes acknowledged the independence of the United States, withheld all succor from the British enemy, and, eventually, some of them engaged in the war, under Capt. John Preble, Lieutenants Andrew Gilman, Joseph Munsell and Orono, who then bore a Continental Commission as he led his braves to the field of battle.

When Castine, (the peninsula) was taken by the British in 1779, and other settlements, on either bank of the Penobscot, were under their sway, Orono proved himself faithful to his engagements and true to the American Cause by communicating, with great despatch, to the government important and repeated intelligence, and his zeal to the last was inspiring to his tribe.

The war being over, Orono entered into negotiations with Massachusetts. Through him assignments of large tracts of lands, for valuable considerations, were made to the State, and the limits of the territory retained by the tribe were agreed upon. He then retired to his island home at Old Town, rich in years, honor and renown, respected by the commonwealth, loved by the whites and idolized by his tribe.

At that time, Father Romaigne, a French priest, had charge of the Tarratines of this section, who held the faith through weal and woe, defying bribes and threats, since their conversion from paganism more than century before.

In all the public services of the Church Orono took a prominent part. His assiduity as Mass, his joining in its Chant, his responding to the litanies, and his reception of the sacraments, furnished a grand exemplar of all that was noble and elevating in Christian life, which materially advanced the spirituality of his tribe, by spurring them on to the practice of their religion. Whilst he never peremptorily commanded them to observe the laws of their Church, his example in this regard, amounted to the same.

During his lifetime there were very few delinquents in religious matters among the Tarratines of Marsh Island, and

it was a pleasure for the "black robes" to expound to them the teaching of the true church.

At length, under the weight of over one hundred years, Joseph Orono died, according to Capt. Samuel Lowder, of Bangor, in his wigwam on a Sunday morning, 1801, on the banks of the Penobscot just opposite where Mt. Hope Cemetery now lies, mourned by all who knew him irrespective of creed or color. He retained his mental faculties to the last; and his erect attitude and sickly whiteness of face, and flowing white hair and spirituelle aspect, gave him the appearance of a grand old saint.

Capt. Munsell of Bangor, who talked with him in his last sickness, says that Orono told him he was 110 years at that time, thus fixing his birth in 1691. Mrs. Hall, who died over thirty years ago in this town, aged 100 years, had a distinct recollection of this chief, and was present at his funeral. Capt. Lowder says that he was buried in the Jameson farm, upper Stillwater, but more likely he was buried in Old Town, probably on Indian Island, but there is absolutely nothing left to mark the spot where his remains were consigned to Mother Earth. All investigations have failed to discover his grave, and not one of the Indians now on Indian Island knows where their great Chief's dust awaits the resurrection.

That nothing exists to indicate the grave of the celebrated Orono appears incredible; but such is the fact.

Nobody has yet explained what the grand and sonorous name—Orono—signifies, but it will be perpetuated and honored as long as this township exists, which was incorporated March 12, 1806, and called "Orono" in compliment to him.

To my astonishment I discovered a few years ago that the pupils of the public schools here did not know that Joseph Orono professed the Catholic faith, and to my great astonishment I discovered also that even some teachers, in the higher grades, never heard of Joseph Orono! though the town from which they get their living was called after that worthy chief. Had he descended from the "Pilgrim Fathers" and held the creed of the "Reformers," his name, in all probability, would be emblazoned in letters of gold in the school rooms of the town; his praises would be sounded for the children, by every teacher in the district, and a monument would have been erected long since, by the citizens, to perpetuate his name and speak his renown.

This honor was left for the Knights of Columbus, and on the 12th of October, 1911, the unveiling and dedication of a monument to the memory of the old Catholic Indian chief were carried out under the auspices of Joseph Orono Council by whose good work the monument was completed and erected on a lot owned by the Reverend Pastor of St. Marys Church.

When the village was incorporated, some protested against the town being named after Orono. The protest came from those who hated to have the town named after a Catholic Indian chief, and whose descendants today, refused to have the above monument, raised to his memory, erected in the little public park of the town because, forsooth, the inscription read:—

Erected
in memory of
Joseph
Orono
— *Catholic* —
Indian Chief
By the Knights of Columbus
1911

But the shaft is up to do honor to Orono, whose virtues are worthy of imitation by the noblest and best of our race, and on it is inscribed the objectionable word—Catholic—a word which was brought here by the Northmen even before Catholic Columbus touched the American shores, a word which is firmly rooted in our soil and which will adorn other monuments on this continent centuries after unreasoning bigots are dead and forgotten.

J. M. HARRINGTON.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
3 8151 001 24672 4

LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S,
BOSTON ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY,
BRIGHTON, MASS.